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HAYDN'S MASSES (Continued from page 118).

effects of the orchestra. See one phrase beginning before another is ended:—

Andante.

At the ninth and tenth bars we meet this passage, in which the unison C is reinforced by trumpets and all the wind instruments, the harmony otherwise being bare, doublings of one interval only:—

It is interesting to observe many passages in Haydn's Masses which denote the advance of Beethoven, effects wrought out by giving intensity to one note, while chords are left incomplete and thin.

The Agnus Dei, Adagio in F $\frac{3}{4}$, has a tender and devotional expression, like Mozart's. This beautiful orchestral passage introduced by a solo for the drum, reminds much of his style:—

In the next bar the chorus enter *sotto voce*, repeating the holding and moving notes of this passage with very pleasing effect, the oboes swelling into the octave:—

The *Dona* is a piece of effect rather than of good music. The half cadence before the *piu presto*,

a $\frac{9}{8}$ on F \sharp , is beautiful, but whether invented by Haydn or Mozart it is difficult to say. It is found in the second finale of *Don Giovanni*, and also in Haydn's quartetts.

Beautifully instrumented and effective as this Mass often is, it takes less hold on the mind than some others fuller of Haydn's peculiar vigour, and which shine less with a borrowed light.

(To be continued.)

MUSIC

AMONG THE POETS AND POETICAL WRITERS.

By MARY COWDEN CLARKE.

(Continued from page 107.)

THE sound of wind is music of exquisite beauty to poetic ear.

"While rocking winds are piping loud."—Milton.

"A creek

Where winds with reeds and osiers whispering play."—Milton.

"The winds with wonder whist,
Smoothly the waters kist,

Whispering new joys to the mild ocean,

Who now hath quite forgot to rave,

While birds of calm sit brooding on the charmed wave."—Milton.

"Here let me, careless and unthoughtful lying,
Hear the soft winds, above me flying,
With all their wanton boughs dispute,
And the more tuneful birds to both replying,
Nor be myself, too, mute."—Cowley.

The American poet, in his grand "Forest Hymn," addressing the Creator, says:—

"Thou art in the soft winds
That run along the summit of these trees,
In music."—Bryant.

And in his poem of "The Evening Wind," he bids it

"rouse
The wide old wood from his majestic rest,
Summoning from the innumerable boughs
The strange deep harmonies that haunt his breast."

* * * * *

"Sweet odours in the sea-air, sweet and strange,
Shall tell the home-sick mariner of the shore;
And, listening to thy murmur, he shall deem
He hears the rustling leaf and running stream."

Bryant.

"The arctic sun rose broad above the wave;
The breeze now sank, now whisper'd from his cave;
As on the Æolian harp, his fitful wings
Now swell'd, now flutter'd o'er his ocean strings."

Byron.

"The dying night-breeze, harping o'er the hill,
Striking the strings of nature, rock and tree,
Those best and earliest lyres of harmony."—Byron.

"To look, listening, on the scatter'd leaves,
While Autumn winds were at their evening song."—Byron.

"And, oh! what morning ever look'd
So lovely as the quiet eve,
When low and fragrant winds arise,
And draw the curtains of the skies,
And gentle songs of Summer weave;—
Such as between the alders creep,
Now, and soothe my soul to sleep!"

Barry Cornwall.

"Many are the notes
Which, in his tuneful course, the wind draws forth
From rocks, woods, caverns, heaths, and dashing shores."

Wordsworth.

"In his shepherd's calling he was prompt
And watchful more than ordinary men.
Hence had he learned the meaning of all winds,
Of blasts of every tone; and, oftentimes,
When others heeded not, he heard the South
Make subterraneous music, like the noise
Of bagpipers on distant Highland hills."

Wordsworth.

"Britannia needs no bulwark,
No towers along the steep;
Her march is o'er the mountain waves,
Her home is on the deep.
With thunders from her native oak,
She quells the floods below,
As they roar on the shore,
When the stormy winds do blow;
When the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow."—*Campbell.*

The music of Wood and Forest sounds has also been
poetically denoted. In the fine poem previously cited,
—"The Forest Hymn,"—allusion is made to—

"the sound
Of the invisible breath that swayed at once
All their green tops."—*Bryant.*

Another American poet talks of—

"mighty trees
In many a lazy syllable, repeating
Their old poetic legends to the wind."—*Longfellow.*

"Beneath some patriarchal tree
I lay upon the ground;
His hoary arms uplifted me,
And all the broad leaves over me
Clapped their little hands in glee,
With one continuous sound;—

A slumberous sound,—a sound that brings
The feelings of a dream,—
As of innumerable wings,
As, when a bell no longer swings,
Faint the hollow murmur rings
O'er meadow, lake, and stream."—*Longfellow.*

"Gradual sinks the breeze
Into a perfect calm, that not a breath
Is heard to quiver through the closing woods,
Or rustling turn the many-twinkling leaves
Of aspen tall."

* * * * *
"The stealing shower is scarce to patter heard
By such as wander through the forest walks,
Beneath th' umbrageous multitude of leaves."
Thomson.

"Then there crept
A little noiseless noise among the leaves,
Born of the very sigh that silence heaves:
For not the faintest motion could be seen
Of all the shades that slanted o'er the green."
Keats.

"A little grove
Whose leaves still mutt'ring, as the air doth breathe,
With the sweet bubbling of the stream beneath,
Doth rock the senses (whilst the small birds sing)
Lulled asleep with gentle murmuring."—*Drayton.*

"On a rude rock, fast by a grove of firs,
Whose theadly leaves to the low-breathing gale
Made soft sound most like the distant ocean."
Coleridge.

"You may as well forbid the mountain pines
To wag their high tops, and to make no noise,
When they are fretten with the gusts of heaven."
Shakespeare.

In his charming "Idyl for Christmas," a young
poet thus celebrates wintry music among the trees:—

"And the woods grow lean and swarth
In the vexings of the North;
Fill'd with sighings and lamentations
Of the winged foreign nations,
Who, beneath their shatter'd bowers,
Wonder at the gusty showers,
And the length of the dark hours."

Edmund Ollier.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*This Journal is published on the 1st of every month.
We would request those who send us country newspapers,
wishing us to read particular paragraphs, to mark the
passage, by cutting a slit in the paper near it.*

*The late hour at which Advertisements reach us, interferes
much with their proper classification.*

*Colored Envelopes are sent to all Subscribers whose pay-
ment in advance is exhausted. The paper will be
discontinued where the Subscriber neglects to renew. We
again remind those who are disappointed in getting back
numbers, that only the music pages are stereotyped, and
of the rest of the paper, only sufficient are printed to
supply the current sale.*

*We cannot undertake to return offered contributions; the
authors, therefore, will do well to retain copies.*

*T. S. R.—Messrs. Boosey and Sons are Music-sellers;
Mr. Boose, or Boosé, is one person,—a Band-master.*

*Cantoris.—Our music for the present Number of the Musical
Times was appointed and set up for printing before the
arrival of his communication. Will "Cantoris" send
us his real name and address.*

Brief Chronicle of the last Month.

KIDDERMINSTER.—A Musical Festival will be held at
this place on the 16th and 17th of October, to inaugurate
a Music-hall and new Organ. The Oratorios on these
two mornings will be Haydn's *Creation*, Spohr's *Last
Judgment*, and Handel's *Messiah*; with a grand Mis-
cellaneous Concert, on the evening of the 16th. Madame
Clara Novello's services are secured for the occasion.
The Rev. Robert Sargeant, the active Secretary of the
last three Worcester Festivals, is affording his experienced
aid in making the necessary arrangements.

ST. BEES.—A Choral Society, lately established here,
is progressing favorably.